

THE DAY OF THE LONG PLUME.

FEATHERS WILL DROOP OVER FAIR WOMEN'S SHOULDERS.

Some Facts About Fall and Winter Millinery—The Increasing Popularity of the High-Crowned Hat—Color Schemes to Delight the Really Artistic.

Autumn hats have been shown to "the trade," and some women are buying new hats to carry them through the between-season's month, but the best of the French hats have not yet been shown and it is early to prophesy just what modes will catch the popular fancy.

Of certain millinery probabilities, however, one may speak with considerable confidence. Plumes are, without doubt, to have a triumphal career, and, in all lengths, from the "tips" to the plume of exaggerated length formed by putting two plumes together invisibly, they are the most desirable of trimmings.

The all-black hat has not quite so much favor as usual, at the moment, and, though

suitable for wear until late in the fall by the substitution of bright berries and a touch of velvet for the flowers.

Flowers of certain kinds will, however, be worn upon the winter hats, preference naturally being given to the velvet and silk flowers. Gorgeous velvet asters and dahlias will be much in evidence, toning in as they do with the most popular of the season's colors.

Little bouton roses will hold the popularity they have gained this summer, and the most famous of the Parisian milliners show a liking for the mingling of these tiny roses in a very deep red and tea rose, or yellowish pink, shade. One black velvet hat with high crown and broad brim has prim little roses in these two colors grouped around the crown like a high dog collar, with a cluster of the flowers at the side, from which starts one black plume curling over the brim and down over the shoulder.

The high crown is unquestionably determining the popularity of the plume, and even when the new hats are low and broad they should at least have a slight crown. The high crown hats are not so generally becoming as the platen x, but they are a welcome change from the endless monotony that has ruled summer hat shapes, and it is not necessary to adopt the extremes in the new style.

Broad velvet ribbon draped flat around the crown and held in flat loops by a huge square buckle is a modish trimming for the



all black plumed hats are seen in Paris, there is a tendency to enliven the sombre black with white plumes, or even with plumes in audaciously gay color. The white plumes on white hats are prone to shade into gayer color toward their ends, and these white plumes tipped with shades have exceedingly artistic possibilities. Shaded plumes, all in blending shades of one hue, are also liked, and are sometimes dyed expressly to match certain costumes. The plumes are put upon the hats in an infinite variety of ways, but a majority of the models show them drooping low in the back. They may start underneath the brim or on its upper side, but may be bunched at one side of the front, or low over one shoulder, may be used singly, one long plume falling gracefully over the left shoulder in cavalier fashion, or two plumes



new broad-brimmed shape, and a plume or plumes are usually added.

In turbans, the camotier, or boat shape, still holds first place, though some round and box shapes are seen. These hats are made in quilted silk, in chenille or braided felt, in beaver, in velvet, in fur.

The beaver felt of the season are even lovelier than those shown last year and here, as throughout all Fashion's realm, one finds shaded effects of great beauty. Soft beaver carried through many shades of one color, or combining in a shot effect several contrasting colors, is sold in place of the old-fashioned black.

may be used, one starting from each side of the crown top and drooping low at the back. This latest method of trimming, though somewhat bizarre when first introduced this summer, has gained popularity and is both picturesque and becoming.

Wings, coque feather plumes and other made feather trimmings are being adjusted in somewhat the same fashion this fall, particularly upon the turbans, and the arrangement of trimming makes the hat lines conform to the shape of the head, and does away with the oache-peigne which was so caricatured in the early spring.

A boat-shaped turban made of chenille and felt braid in blue and trimmed with two shaded blue wings started at the middle

toes or by the yard, and made up into toques and turbans, and many ready-made hat shapes are in the shaded silky beaver. Blue and green changeable brown and orange, brown and green, dahlia and mauve, rose and cerise—these are but a few of the color combinations presented.

Shading is carried out, too, in feather pompons, in quills, in braids, and, as has been said before, in plumes, which are the new quills are most chic and attractive. They come in great variety of shape and color, but the smartest are very

of the hat on each side and bending down to press closely against the hair at the back is one of the successful models shown by an importer. In the same shop is to be seen a most delightful hat with broad drooping brim and low wide crown, made entirely of the finest plaitings of pinkish mauve taffeta and encircled by a loose trailing wreath of asters in all the purpling shades from mauve-touched white to deepest red-blue.

These hats of silk plaiting or quilling are an excellent compromise for the early autumn, having the light weight of straw, yet not, like straw, seeming out of season upon nipping, frosty days. Charming turbans in quilled silk with possibly a knot of velvet or quill for trimming, are satisfactory investments at this season, and the

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THE OLD-FASHIONED PLEADER

TELLS A TALE OF A LAWYER AND AN ERRING WOMAN.

In the Days When the Really Great Men of the Legal Profession Were the Advocates—Dramatic Incident in Which a Prosecutor Went Too Far and Lost.

In the little group of men gathered in the corner of the club café there was one whose white hair and mustache, in marked contrast to his ruddy face, stood for long experience of life. If there was something in his striking appearance which attracted the attention of men coming into the café or passing through it, there was also that in his conversation which held the attention of those who were within sound of his voice.

They had been talking about the changed conditions which obtain in the practice of the law nowadays as compared with a time which, in the actual number of years involved, was far from long ago. In these times, one of the younger men had said, the lawyers who have the great reputations, who earn the largest fees and enjoy the greatest incomes, are rarely seen in the trial courts. It is as counsel that they have shown their strength. Their work is done in the quiet of their secluded offices, and agility or resourcefulness in the actual rough-and-tumble of the jury trial has not been the basis of their success.

"It is all very much changed from the time when I was in active practice," said the white-haired old man. "In those days the great lawyer was the great pleader, and by that I mean the man who was great power with juries, not the man strong in argument before the Supreme Court. It was the trial lawyer, the man who was always ready for any sort of emergency that might arise, who was never taken

by surprise by anything that the other side might do, who had been through the opposing side of the case as well as his own—he was the fellow who won the big cases and earned the large fees.

"I shall never forget a case which I saw tried in this city a good many years ago. It was a criminal case, the defendant being charged with murder in the first degree. Two of the cleverest lawyers then at the New York bar met in that trial. One was the District Attorney, the other the leading counsel for the defense. I remember the

defendant with which I followed the case as the trial progressed, and I noted how very thoroughly each man had foreseen what the other would do and prepared himself to meet it.

"There was no question about the killing. The defendant had shot a man twice, and both bullets had gone through the heart. The defendant was a young man who had lived a rather wild life, but he was not at heart a bad man. He declared that the shooting had been entirely in self-defense. The dead man was much larger and stronger than he, and at the time of the shooting, the defendant was just recovering from a long and serious illness.

"During this illness he had been cared for by a woman, who had had an affair with the other man. This man came to their house one evening and attacked the woman with his fists, beating her severely. The defendant interfered and the larger man turned on him. Then the young man shot.

"There was a perceptible interval between the two shots, and it was the contention of the District Attorney that in that interval the young man had time enough to realize fully what he was doing and to determine deliberately to kill his antagonist. Upon that contention the District Attorney rested for a conviction of murder in the first degree.

"The one witness who could give direct testimony as to the shooting was the woman. She was arrested at the same time as the defendant. In fact, they surrendered together, going to the police station and notifying the police of what had occurred. They were held in jail during the time before the trial, and while there were both converted and joined the Methodist Church.

"The trial proceeded rapidly and the prosecution made out a fairly strong case. The woman had not been indicted, and at the last the prosecution decided not to call her as a witness. The District Attorney had become convinced that she was entirely on the side of the defendant and he preferred to try to break the force of her testimony on cross-examination. He had discovered that she had had a checkered career, and he figured on being able to show the facts from her own lips in such a way as to discredit her.

"The woman was put on the stand by the defense, and she told a simple straightforward story of the shooting, which bore out the contention of the defendant. Then she was turned to the District Attorney for cross-examination. He had her go over the matter again in the old detailed way that so many lawyers employ, trying to read the story out so that it would be a force. Then he began to speak. The defense had made no objection to any of his questions, and now, as the first one bearing on her past life was asked, the senior counsel for the defense began to speak. But the judge was a little before him and was already instructing the witness that she need not answer any question the answer to which might, in her opinion, tend to incriminate or discredit her.

"I was about to ask you Honor to instruct the witness," said the defendant's lawyer, "of course you have no objection to her telling anything about herself which she sees fit, we simply desired to have her informed of her rights in the matter."

"I don't know what sort of coaching he had given the woman before that, but that struck me as being about as clever an invitation to a witness to go on as could well be given in court. Whether it was a hint or not, the woman took the cue. She squared herself to face the District Attorney and began to answer his questions. He had had her record looked up carefully and now he took her from one affair to another, with a persistence of a sound on the trail, which was one of the most dangerous things

that a lawyer can do, for in the excitement of driving home his questions and bringing out what he is after he is likely to overlook the effect he is producing upon the jury. I remember noting after he had been on this line for some time that some of the jurymen were looking at the witness with evident sympathy. It was a terrible ordeal for any woman to undergo, no matter how abandoned she might have been.

"I never saw a woman who had as much nerve as that witness. She stuck to it like a major. She was very quiet and unflinching, and sometimes her voice was so low that it could be heard only with difficulty, but all the time she seemed to be animated by fighting and hot gully, and perhaps that drove him further than he would have gone otherwise.

"But whatever the reason, he kept at it until the inevitable happened and he went too far. The woman answered straight and with evident sincerity. At the next, which was no worse than many that had preceded it, she clasped her hands over her face and broke into a bitter sob, sobbing like a child, in spite of her efforts to restrain herself.

"In an instant the District Attorney saw what he had done. The fact was all in the fire. There were looks in the faces of the jurymen that showed very plainly where their sympathies lay. The District Attorney saw that he had gone too far, and he immediately suggested that the jury be excused, and that the case be set aside.

"To cover up his retreat, and to save face, he said: 'The case is set aside, and the jury is excused. The case will be retried at a later date.' And he sat down.

"And you are still a member of that church?" asked the lawyer.

"I am," she said.

"That is all," said the lawyer, and sat down.

"He had driven home what he wanted to the opinion of those not in the small set of the elect was a dinner given last week at the Casino on a night when the attendance of outsiders is always large. Why the dinner was given in a public restaurant nobody seems to know, but the guests were easily visible to most of the persons who paid the price of admission to enter the Casino. In the presence of a starting crowd these guests, less than 100 in number, could be seen going from the dressing rooms to the grill room and flitting about from one to another of the restaurants.

To give a private entertainment under such circumstances can be attributed to several motives, but in such a case as this indifference to persons outside of their own social set, to the extent of even not caring what they see, think or say, is the only hypothesis on which a public place could have been selected for such a gathering.

Some social reputations have been made this summer in spite of the dullness. Yesterday one of the young men, whose social reputation is the deepest of the city, appeared at the Casino with one arm in a sling. He moved up to one of the groups seated on the lawn and a man asked him the cause of his injury. He replied that he had an opportunity to give one of the party called out: 'Writer's cramp, isn't it, from registering your name at the Casino so often?'

Even the victim laughed, for he knew how sedulously these registers appear in the newspapers, sometimes far in the West and South. He had, as a matter of fact, taken care to see that the registers were never the opportunity offered.

Men are, of course, in demand—above all men who will take any interest in the matter. They are the ones who are devoted to their sport or to talking business, and there is the numerous young brood. Until this time there have been few foreigners here, but the remaining years of the season will see the visit of others.

They are usual features of every year here, and supply an agreeable variety to the life of the women, who find them most absorbed in social occasions than the Americans, and companions who may be relied on to have no other interest than making themselves agreeable.

Sometimes suggested with more wisdom than he realized that a certain number of foreigners ought always to be imported to keep the gaiety up to the average. That is, in the opinion of the hostesses, it would be appreciated by the hostesses who give dances here and stretch their eyes over scant battalions of men who either won't dance or can't because they are too tired. While only the foreigners struggle to entertain the women by doing what they have come to a dance to do.

The foreigners are put here with the women, therefore, although all of the men are not so partial to them. For that reason they make little or no effort to ingratiate themselves with the women, especially the older husbands who are absorbed in business.

It is, of course, the security of men here that makes them popular. They are here to make names for themselves in society to accomplish that object more easily at Newport than in some other places. Men are needed here all day long, and not merely at night. Women are dependent on them for luncheon, at the Casino, at the bathing beach and wherever they may happen to go. So the presentable young man, who would not be considered respectable in New York may make so deep an impression at Newport as to be firmly fixed in the social orbit when he goes back to town. It is curious to find that the men who climb so high there is never criticism of them from either men or women. They are looked upon as rather admirable persons by the women, and they are looked upon as rather admirable persons by the men.

One of these men was a luncheon the other day at which all the other men were of families that had been well known in Newport society since there was a Newport.

"That man's a wonder," said the oldest of the party as the newcomer left the room after luncheon instead of waiting to smoke a cigar or to take a drink. "He is a wonder. He's not only pulled himself up from nowhere, but he's taken his family along with him; and he had three brothers to pull up."

NEVER SO DULL AT NEWPORT.

SOCIETY HAVING A SLOW TIME AT ITS SUMMER CAPITAL.

The Chinese Wall of Its Indifference Excludes the News and Views of the Busy World—Social Successes of Foreigners and Why the Women Like Them.

Newport, Aug. 29.—If the summer colony here had a better developed sense of humor it might find enjoyment in the accounts of its gaiety that appear chiefly in the newspapers of the West and South. But these papers are not seen or heard of here, and even if they were Newport would in all probability pay no attention to them.

The summer colony is interested only in itself. Beyond its own doings nothing in the world concerns it.

There would have been ground for amusement in the accounts of the feverish gaiety that has possessed this place all summer, when the fact is that it was never duller. Even the subscription list fell through because it was impossible to get up sufficient enthusiasm for it. This season will be recorded as the quietest in a place that knows much more ennui and seriousness than the rest of the world ever heard anything about.

Newport's complete indifference to anything but its own affairs was very amusingly exhibited last summer, when Henry Waterson published a highly colored attack on the place and its people. It was an exaggeration to say that half the particular Newport set against which it was directed never even heard that it had been written. Those who heard of it took very little interest in it and probably few, if any, took the trouble to read it.

The men and women in the social life at Newport have raised up the most effective Chinese wall they could devise. It is built up of an absolute indifference to the rest of the world and its doings, augmented by an observing interest in itself.

A striking instance of this indifference to the opinion of those not in the small set of the elect was a dinner given last week at the Casino on a night when the attendance of outsiders is always large. Why the dinner was given in a public restaurant nobody seems to know, but the guests were easily visible to most of the persons who paid the price of admission to enter the Casino. In the presence of a starting crowd these guests, less than 100 in number, could be seen going from the dressing rooms to the grill room and flitting about from one to another of the restaurants.

To give a private entertainment under such circumstances can be attributed to several motives, but in such a case as this indifference to persons outside of their own social set, to the extent of even not caring what they see, think or say, is the only hypothesis on which a public place could have been selected for such a gathering.

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SENECA PRIESTESS GONE.

Hannah Luke Was a Centenarian and a Mighty Woman in Her Tribe.

LAWTON STATION, Erie County, N. Y., Aug. 27.—The Seneca Indian Reservation at Lawton is in mourning and a condolence ceremony is being held in honor of the oldest priestess of the pagan Senecas—Hannah Luke, who died yesterday. All the oldtime ritual of the condolence council will be observed throughout the three days' continuance of this mourning.

Hannah Luke was born in the Genesee Valley and at the time of her death was more than 100 years old. She was a leader in all the pagan feasts and, as a ho-n-o-dit, or priestess of the Wolf clan, she led her tribe on all religious and festive occasions. At the Seneca feast last year, she was the active and the younger women who at the feasts wore a white blanket, the symbol of her age and authority. Hers will be buried with her.

Before the Senecas abandoned the tribal rule of chiefs, Hannah Luke was the ho-n-o-dit, or priestess of the Wolf clan for her clan for chieftainship. She was one of the council of women to whom domestic difficulties were submitted. She signed the "first fire" of the New Year in the council house.

When a chief of her clan died it was her office at the burial to scatter the dust to the four winds, that the departed spirit might know the trail in its long travel through space to the happy hunting grounds. She also cast into the grave a few shovelfuls of earth, consecrating the duty to the care of her Great Mother Earth. If the chief had been prominent, she planted a pine sapling at the head of his grave. Many of the ancient customs of the dead wherein women have officiated will expire with her.

As a member of the Na-na-na-ga, the secret medicine society, also of the Na-na-na-ga, the secret organization of the False Faces, her authority was undeniable.

Hannah Luke was the widow of a Seneca chief who fought in the War of 1812. His father was one of the Seneca warriors who fought against the Crown in the Revolutionary War. Being a swift runner, he was instructed with the bearing of important documents. He was taken in by one of the Loomis girls who joined the Union Army in the civil war.

This typical Indian woman owned a good home, and a small farm, which supplied her immediate necessities, and she was amply cared for in her old age.

MUFFS AROUND THEIR KNEES.

Shoplifting Dodge of Two Clever Sisters of Sangerfield.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 29.—Amos P. Loomis, better known as "Plumb" Loomis, died at his home in the southern part of the town of Sangerfield last Wednesday afternoon. His death recalls the depredations of the notorious Loomis family, of which he was a member. The family consisted, at the time when its depredations made it notorious, of nine members—the father and mother, five sons and two daughters.

The girls maintained the reputation of the gang. One fine day a Brookfield farmer, who owned an exceptionally good yoke of oxen, was overtaken on the road by a neatly dressed young man and imported to sell the cattle. No, he didn't want to sell. The cattle were worth more to him than to any one else.

"And how much," inquired the ox-truck youth, "might they be worth to you?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars and not a cent less can buy them," replied the farmer.

At last the young fellow took the cattle, remarking that of course the farmer would throw in the yoke, seeing he had paid so high a price for the oxen. The farmer, however, had been taken in by one of the Loomis girls dressed in men's clothes.